



MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.



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A SIGH FOR PEACE.

(Written for the State Normal Magazine.)

From childhood's hour, I've longed for peace,
With yearning heart, I've sought release
From stress and strain, from stir and strife,
From ceaseless din of restless life.

I love the holy solitude,
The peaceful silence that doth brood
In darksome depths of forest shade,
In quiet mead and secret glade.

The wash of wave on sandy shore,
The babble of brook o'er pebbly floor,
The flow of stream down mountain side,
The low of cattle at even'-tide,

The mellow note of tinkling bell,
The rustle of leaf in dewy dell;
Such sounds have power to soothe my soul,
My stormful spirit to control.

—*Impromptu.*

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN THE SOUTH.

By Professor C. S. Parish, Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Read before the Southern Educational Association, at Richmond, Va., December 27th, 1900.

In discussing this subject, one finds difficulties at the outset. We Southern people—and there are no better people in the world—are very sensitive with regard to any question concerning women. We scent the battle with the innovator from afar and at once array ourselves for the defense of the older order which we have justly loved so much. We do not like to be reminded that anything belonging to that order was defective, and I am afraid that in this respect we Virginians are even more sensitive than our brethren farther South. As a rule, the unlucky person who ventures to criticise us will find himself in the position of the “first bringer of unwelcome news.” It has been my ill-fortune once or twice in the last ten years to risk making my tongue sound ever after as a sullen bell, and, unfortunately, it was not mere risk. To-day I am sure of a sympathetic audience, an audience composed of men and women who have had only too much reason to note and regret our mistakes.

The agitation of the Higher Education of Women was later in the South than it was in New England and the Middle States. Between 1689, when the Penn Charter School was established in Philadelphia for girls as well as boys, and 1805, when the Moravian school at Salem, N. C., the first boarding school for girls in the South, was begun, we have more than a hundred years. Perhaps the last sixty years of that period, i. e., from 1745, when the Moravians opened a school in Bethlehem, Pa., to the establishment of the Salem school, would furnish a better basis of comparison. In this period a number of schools were established for girls in the New England and Middle States and none in the South. A few Southern girls, however, in this period, learned Latin and Greek from their brother's tutors. When the interest in the education of girls roused by Emma Willard, Mary Lyon, and Katherine Beecher spread to the South, seminaries multiplied rapidly, and for awhile just then our work compared favorably with that of New England. There is some reason to believe that the first degree ever granted to a woman in this country was given by the Wesleyan in Macon, Georgia, which it is only just to say antedates the agitation referred to in the North. While there are no reliable rec-

ords, there is a tradition that the degree given then, compares quite favorably with that of the average male college of that day, but while the Eastern institutions were constantly developing toward higher things, the woman's college finally appearing partly at Elmira in 1855 and fully at Vassar in 1861, we had no corresponding development. A few very brave Southern girls ventured North for a college training even twenty years ago. It may be said to the honor of Texas that her State schools, at least, have all been opened to women since their foundation, but the general movement may be fairly placed, perhaps, within the last fifteen years. Within that time all the State Universities in the South, except four, and a number of the leading colleges designed for men have been opened to women; and in addition one woman's college has been established. One may deplore the short-sightedness and palpable injustice of leaving any institution supported by public funds closed to one large class of people, as much the children of tax-payers as those who are admitted. It is also bad economy of a State which in the interest of a prejudice leaves undeveloped some of its richest resources. It must be admitted that if a woman really wishes now the higher education, there are enough institutions open to her in the South as well as in the North to afford her not only the opportunity of accomplishing her purpose, but a considerable field for selection. That only the back doors of some of these institutions have been opened and that "welcome" is not written over every front door which is left ajar, is only an incident which may affect her choice but need not bar her way.

An attempt to find just how many Southern women are doing college or graduate work in either Southern or Northern institutions throughout last year has resulted in an approximation only. I think that twelve hundred would be a very liberal statement. Of these one hundred and fifty, approximately, were in Northern and Western institutions. Of the remainder the great majority were, as a matter of course, in the co-educational institutions of the South. About eighty are doing full college work at Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Bryn Mawr sends a flattering report of the women we have sent her. Some of them have won the highest honors within the gift of the college and in proportion to their numbers they have had a surprisingly large share of these honors. So far as I can ascertain, they have worked very creditably indeed, wherever they have been. Yet one fact stares us in the face. The whole number of Southern women doing college work was not, last year, equal to the number usually admitted to Smith College.

As a matter of course, our poverty, the recency of the awakening of women to anything like consciousness of their possibilities, the conservatism of our communities, etc., might be mentioned, as reasons for this, but first and most influential, I am persuaded, is the inefficiency of our secondary schools for girls. The education given there is not, in the majority of cases, a preparation for college at all and there is little or no stimulus to further work, either in the school, in the girl's home, or in her social environment. For these schools an endowment has not been thought necessary and parents have not demanded that the educators of their young daughters should know anything about the philosophy of education, or that they should have any particular fitness for their work. The field has been opened to all comers, and men and women whose only fitness has lain in their need—or very frequently in a family to support—have occupied it. It is notably open to sectarian enterprise. The existence of one school in a small town if it belongs to one religious denomination is, frequently the stimulus to every other denomination to establish one. So many have sprung up that all have become worthless. Schools begun in this way have multiplied and competition has been fierce. The pupils have, as a rule, gone to the lowest bidder, and the deficient income accruing to the successful contestant has made necessary such small salaries for teachers that no professional qualifications or spirit ought, in justice, to be expected of them. I might amuse you with the sort of teaching that has been done. Many things have come to my knowledge which would be richly comic but for the tragic element involved. It has been common for one woman to teach Latin, English and Mathematics, to preside in the study hall during the day, take her turn at presiding two hours at night and accompany students on shopping expeditions. I know a lady, who, fifteen years ago, taught one year in one of these schools—a school unquestionably above the average. She tried to teach classes in French, English, Mathematics, History, both ancient and modern, and had sole charge of the departments of German, Elocution, and Gymnastics. In addition to this she presided in the study hall for a part of each day, superintended the study of the boarding students every fourth week for two hours each night, accompanied them on their shopping expeditions and walks every third week, and helped nurse sick girls whenever there were any to be nursed. This woman now a successful teacher was paid twenty dollars a month and her board. In that school the music teacher was paid a thousand dollars a year. The semi-annual concert was depended upon as a means of attracting pat-

ronage and every other interest was subordinated to this. One young woman was sent from the country by parents, who, illiterate themselves, were very anxious for their daughter to play on the piano, and when she returned she could not play for her father, because the first half of her year at the boarding school had been spent in preparing to play in a quartette at the intermediate concert, and the last half in preparing a sextette for the final concert. The simple melodies with which she had entertained her family before going to the school were now far below her cultivated taste and her musical career came to an abrupt end.

I am afraid that this sort of education is, by no means, banished from the boarding school of to-day. The school alluded to above is still at work and still attracts students. It has never had a reference library. It has no laboratory and no gymnasium. There are large numbers in the same condition. As a rule there is not even a small collection of books within reach of the students. They simply learn lessons from text books and recite them, frequently to a teacher who keeps the book open, asks questions out of it, and is forced to keep her eyes on the printed page in order to be sure of the answer. Many of these teachers have never heard a lecture on education or read a book on the subject. They know nothing of the aim of education or of its meaning. Their business, as they understand it, is to assign the girl a lesson to be learned from a book and to make her learn it. If such a teacher tries to arouse an interest in her pupil it is in order that the lesson may be learned and an examination passed. Of the many-sided developments which any true education will stimulate, of the interest which will abide after the knowledge imparted in arousing it shall have passed away, of any gradual adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race, of fitting a girl to enter upon her inheritance from the past, of making her ready to take possession of and enjoy her literary, scientific, æsthetic and institutional inheritance, of the character building toward which every lesson should tend, the teacher has never dreamed. She may be conscious to some degree of her own limitations, but her salary is so small that there is no opportunity to broaden her horizon. Sometimes, in such a school, a college man is found, but he is very often sceptical of the average girl's ability to do intellectual work; is nervously afraid of injuring her health, and does not think it in the least necessary to insist upon thorough work from her. In many cases, he, too, though he has had a college training, is absolutely ignorant of and indifferent to any philosophy of education. The meaning of his profession to him is only too often the support it earns for him.

To the same meaning of education in the mind of the authorities may be traced much of the undue prominence of so-called music, art, and elocution in girl's schools. Of course, there are always uneducated or half-educated parents whose aim in educating their daughters is to enable them to appear well in society and there is always the demand for humbug, but a long course of observation convinces me that this demand is stimulated, encouraged and increased by the school, consciously or unconsciously, in the majority of cases, I am sorry to say, consciously. The subjects mentioned are the extras. They pay. It is quite common in such a school for a young girl fourteen or fifteen years of age and not beyond grammar-school attainments, with no talent for music beyond a certain manual dexterity, to specialize in it, sacrificing for that purpose all future literary or scientific training. She is apt to dabble at the same time in what she believes to be art. She plays in public a few times to the immense gratification of her own vanity and to the intense pain of the cultivated portion of the audience; paints a satin front for her ball-dress, a pair of porcelain plaques for her mother's sitting room, and, as her chef-d'œuvre, paints an oil portrait of the principal of the school. Her own dress, the draperies of her room, the arrangement of her furniture, all her surroundings may violate every canon of art. She has been too busy painting to be taught incidentals of that sort. For one half of the money which has been wasted in this wretched travestry, she might have heard fine music and learned to enjoy it, might have seen the best pictures and had the spiritual uplift which always comes from the mere seeing. It would not be misunderstood. Music and art must have a place in all systematic education. The farce denounced is that of taking two noble means of development and using them in such a way as to impede or retard development, of taking the means of spiritual expression and using them to dwarf the spiritual nature. The pitiful tragedy becomes manifest when the girl leaves school, deaf and blind to the harmony and beauty in the nature about her, unconscious of the simplest laws of life, with no insight into the social forces operating just around her, with no purpose except to please and amuse, and then somewhat impatiently awaits marriage without a thought of the tremendous issue involved. It becomes more manifest still when the life of the little child that had a right to be born strong and healthy and beautiful is blighted by her ignorance and yet more when the boy who needs calm, strong, wise guidance is goaded by the aimless and capricious management of his mother to plunge desperately into rebellion or is left by her ignorance to fall unconsciously into sin.

In any catalogue of the mistakes of our girls' schools the almost total lack of science training must be prominent. To this audience, I need not speak of its culture value. That is, of course, the same for a girl as for a boy. I need not speak of the value of a laboratory training, of the accuracy of observation, the fineness of discrimination, the mental alertness, the independence of thought, the reverence for truth, the efficiency and skill developed by it. All educators know these things. Judged even from the lowest standpoint—that of practical use—our contradictions in the education of girls are most astonishing. We expect the care of little children from women who are innocent of any knowledge at all of psychology and hygiene. Women who do not know that there is a chemistry of foods or a hygiene of diet are expected to select food for human beings and to superintend its preparation. Women who know nothing at all of the human mind, are expected to take that delicate organism, the mind of a little child, and train it. We expect from women, and brand them as unwomanly if they do not perform, all sorts of delicate and difficult functions, the proper performance of which would demand a very broad scientific knowledge, yet we make no provision for teaching them science.

The assumption of an ambitious name which would be entirely misleading but for the frequency of the practice, is an evil not confined to girl's schools, but which is one of their most common afflictions. The man who advertises a college when he has no building and no faculty and sells degrees at \$25.00 apiece is amenable to the law. A man who calls an institution, not equal to a good high school, a college, is not at present so amenable. The offences are different in degree. The difference in kind is difficult to see. It is sometimes claimed that no one is deceived. As a matter of fact, the very people with whom the authorities are under obligations to keep faith are deceived. Young girls who trust the integrity of the principal, and parents who wish their daughters to have the college training which they lack—parents who are often ignorant of what even a grammar school education ought to be, but are sure the man to whom they have entrusted their daughters knows and will do the right thing—these are deceived. These evils have grown until a girl's school is lucky if it escapes the name university. At a time when ten million dollars is no longer considered a sufficient endowment for a university and half a million not enough for a small college, we have schools with a negative endowment in the shape of a debt incurred for buildings calling themselves universities. That this should occur in isolated and ignorant communities is not to be wondered at, but

that it should be done in a city community, by intelligent people is marvellous. The thought processes by which the authorities arrived at such a name would be a fine subject for one of G. Stanley Hall's questionnaires. University is bad enough as an appellation for a school of academy grade. When "female" is prefixed to that it would seem that we had in "female university" enough of contradiction. But when to that still another prefix is added in the shape of sectarian description and we get "Protestant Female University"—what shall we say? We may be forgiven the seeming irreverence if we pray most devoutly: "Good Lord deliver us!"

Of course, such an institution must give degrees. And again, the obligation imposed by the confidence of patron and pupil is not met. The student has set out to win a college degree and has been willing to do the work necessary to make her worthy of it. Now that she has a degree why should she do more? Why gild refined gold? Investigation shows that just here lies one cause of the failure of Southern girls to take the college training now opened to them. They think they already have it.

The evils stated may seem somewhat exaggerated. Unfortunately, several concrete illustrations can be given for each indictment brought. That there are noble exceptions is, unquestionably, true. Even where many of the faults enumerated exist, no blame should be attached to the heroic man or woman who has tried hard to do honest work, but has been handicapped by lack of endowment and by the competition of less conscientious rivals. It is a sad but potent truth that the public likes to be humbugged and veneer requires a little time to be rubbed off. There are schools in this and other States before whose very names we should bow our heads in reverence, because of the work they have tried to do, even though they have been defeated. It is also true that no institution is entirely responsible for our educational evils. Educational institutions ought to be a powerful factor in shaping and directing the educational thought and policy of the people, but the opinion or lack of opinion of the people will always react upon the institution and if they are low tend to drag it down. Our ideals of womanliness have not furnished much stimulus either to the growth of honest work in the education of women or to their intellectual development. We have thought of women as means to an end not as ends in themselves. We have thought very little of making possible for them the self-realization which is their birthright, and much of producing external grace and charm and of fitting them to entertain and amuse so-called society. If a woman is

to be a teacher in the technical sense we concede now the necessity of educating her, but if she is to be the earliest teacher of little children and is to select their teachers and guide them through the whole of childhood, we mock her and her holy calling with the sort of education which has been described. Before we have the best education for our girls, our social ideas must be modified, broadened and freed from contradiction.

Much as we may deplore the commercial spirit in education, it yet remains true that it still has a large influence in sending young men to college. This influence cannot be so strong with young women. We have not opened the professions to them. In the one which is universally conceded suitable for them, that of teaching, there is scant encouragement. The best places are never open to them, whatever may be their fitness.

Our limitation of a woman's range of activity is also a large deterrent from any important intellectual development. If she is forbidden to use her mind in natural ways or in the way which is most in harmony with its constitution, then the greater her intellectual development, the greater her unrest. If talents are to be atrophied by disuse, they would better not be cultivated at all.

It is always easy to point out mistakes. To suggest efficient remedies is more difficult. Many of the reforms which we long for must come from the gradual operation of social forces and could not be accomplished by upheaval or convulsion. We need, unquestionably, to be somewhat more active in originating and stimulating the right forces. At present, there are several movements among women in the South as well as in the North from which we may expect much in the way of social leaven. College women everywhere just now are realizing as they never did before that if their training is to be worth anything at all, it must operate for the bettering of the conditions of the home and of all the standards of womanly excellence. Above all, it must be used in bettering the condition of little children. The necessity for intelligent, trained motherhood is a conviction which is becoming deeper and deeper. The time will come, God grant that it may come quickly, when no woman will dare to undertake the delicate and most difficult duties of motherhood, without a far broader, more thorough and more painstaking preparation than is now considered necessary for any profession and that will provide a happy solution for a large number of problems in the education of women. Educators of women and girls everywhere must turn their attention and that very soon to this matter. For

the present, as a more external and less far-reaching remedy, we need, I am persuaded, *not* more women's colleges in the South. There is not time here for a discussion of the relative value of co-education. Its possibility, its efficiency, its advantages and its freedom from many dreaded evils have been demonstrated in too many institutions South, as well as North, to leave this point any longer an open question as regards college men and women. For several hundred years to come, there will probably be some boys and girls who ought not to be in co-educational institutions. The question, as to whether these boys and girls are safe anywhere and as to whether they are worth educating at all unless, indeed, they can be trained out of the condition which makes their separation necessary, is an open one, with much to be said on both sides. For a much shorter time there will probably be some professors of each sex who ought not to teach the other sex. When the fact that such a professor ought not to be trusted with students of his own sex is universally recognized, the elimination of this type of teacher from the profession will remove the difficulty. There will probably always be some parents and some daughters who will choose separate education from the standpoint of mere personal and æsthetic preference. There are, unquestionably, certain advantages and disadvantages in each type which are not found in the other, and no sane person would object to a student's choosing the type which appeals to her most. For this reason there will, for a long time at least, be a place for separate colleges as well as co-educational schools. In the South, however, there is a consideration which must override mere personal preference if we want our girls thoroughly educated. We cannot have many really good women's colleges because we have not the means, for more than a very few, not enough by any means to meet the demand. We have already a number of men's colleges, which, though doing fairly good work, would be much better for more endowment. The only part of wisdom is to admit women to them, and strengthen them by all of the funds which would otherwise go to establishing more women's colleges. One important step in this direction seems to me to strengthen the city high school. I am quite aware that here, I am treading on dangerous ground. I am familiar with the plea which has influenced so many State Legislatures in the South that high schools and normal schools should not be allowed to interfere with private enterprise, but I contend that the private enterprise whose interest could be endangered by the excellence of a State School has no right to any existence. Education is not a field for commercial en-

terprise, but a great institutional factor in the development of the race. The money-maker and the self-seeker should be driven out of it with as much scorn as Christ drove the money changers from the temple. When, however, the scope of the city high school is enlarged to its utmost limit, with the small cities and large country population of the South, there will always be room for girl's boarding schools. To make these really valuable is a step secondary in importance to none. If the authorities of every "female college" in the South could be induced to face the question from the standpoint of sound education and either make their institution the college it claims to be, or drop the name, abolish degrees, establish college preparatory courses, and aim to create in the student, the discriminating purposefulness which will lead some to go on to college, others to serve God and their generation in the work for which they are fitted, we might feel that the whole problem was in process of solution. That any such reform will take place very soon is probably too much to hope from human nature, and for that reason, we need now to establish in the South a few good preparatory schools for girls.

It goes without saying that these schools should be avowedly secondary. They must be endowed, for any school dependent upon fees of the pupils will sooner or later pander to its patrons. Their teachers must be college women and men who have had, also, a very thorough professional training. The latter qualification can hardly be emphasized too much. A young girl is usually sent to a boarding school in the early years of adolescence. At this time, a new life is beginning for her—a new life physically, intellectually, and spiritually. It is the period of the awakening of ideals. Then, if ever, ideals of vocation and personal consecration begin to come to her. There are ideals of culture at this time, and the passion for knowledge is or ought to be awakened. There is an emotional revival and with it great activity of religious emotion. Conversion is apt to occur then, and it is in many other ways a period of regeneration. There is always danger of extreme nervous excitement, of morbid self-consciousness, and of intellectual and spiritual unrest. There is another danger also, more to be dreaded than this. The period should be the period of awakening. The greatest danger is that the average girl will pass through it without awakening at all. If this should be her fate, life will never mean more to her than mere existence. She will vegetate rather than live. Better, far better for her a life with much pain in it than never to know the joy or the pain of which God has made her capable. To guide her wisely at this time, to make sure of the

awakening, yet prevent excess, to bring about that delicate adjustment of influences which will impel her into a purer, sweeter, higher as well as richer and fuller life is the task of the parent and of the teacher. No man or woman should be trusted with such a task who has not been a close student of childhood and of adolescence as well as of the Biology, the Psychology, the Sociology and the Pedagogy necessary for insight not only into the changes in progress, but into the best methods of dealing with them. The school established for her should be in a position to employ and pay teachers who are fitted for this work and it should be above temptation towards superficiality or one-sidedness. It should possess laboratories, a library, a gymnasium, and an athletic field. It should have a rational system of government by means of which character will be developed not injured as is almost inevitably done under the conventual system of the past. It should have a system of sanitation, and a hygienic diet. There should be æsthetic surroundings in the school home. The love of nature, of music, of art and of literature should be constantly cultivated and there should be much inspiration to a noble self-realization, to high achievement, to patient service, to personal consecration.

In the way of the establishment of such schools, there are many difficulties, not the least of which is our poverty; but it can be done, and when done, will result, I am convinced, in a much nobler, stronger, yet sweeter and more gracious womanhood than we have yet known.

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

L. D. J.

No one attending the Southern Educational Association at Richmond, December 27-29, could fail to regret that any of our Southern teachers were absent. The session was largely attended, however, and the strong papers and forceful discussions proved it a worthy child of the National Educational Association, as well as a power for good throughout the South.

The general sessions were held in the large audience room of the Jefferson Hotel roof-garden which had been elaborately decorated for the occasion.

The Convention having been called to order and the opening prayer been said, addresses of welcome were made by the State and city officials.

City Superintendent Fox welcomed us to the city of Richmond: the Confederate Capital, the Mecca of the South; to the State of Virginia: the home of Washington, of Henry, of Jefferson, and of Lee; the cradle of Liberty; the cradle of education (?); the land of culture; the land where even the Amphioxus has blue blood!

Superintendent Wooten, of Paris, Texas, responded in a talk full of wit and good humor. As a proof of his own good work, he stated that he had married off forty teachers in eight years and rumor stated that he was looking for the forty-first for himself.

Then followed speeches, papers, discussions from morn till noon, from noon till night, from night to midnight, scarcely leaving time for meals till I felt like uttering the prayer of the old negro spoken of in Dr. Crowell's paper. He prayed for food and clothing, then went to a charitable society where he received so much that he put up a second petition: "O Lord, give me enuf to eat an' enuf to war, but don't give me more'n I kin tote away."

President Fulton said that in our educational problem, there are two necessities which demand attention: the training of the Negro and the establishment of at least one well endowed and well equipped Institute of Technology in the South.

Following Dr. Fulton came Miss Parish, Professor of Psychology and Philosophy in Randolph-Macon College for Women. Her paper will be presented in full

to our Magazine readers and will speak for itself. Suffice it here to say that it was conceded to be the strongest paper presented during the session.

The discussion of normal work occupied a conspicuous place on the program and papers on the subject were read by Dr. Alexander, of the University of North Carolina, Professor Britton, of Georgia, and Professor Claxton, of our own Faculty.

These papers were discussed by President Venable and by other distinguished educators. It was with great pleasure that we heard from these gentlemen high praise of the work done at the State Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro, N. C.

In the Elementary Department Miss Haliburton, formerly of our Faculty, now at Asheville, N. C., read a paper on "Child Study." This paper was discussed by Professor Pearson, of Guilford College.

President Woodward, of the South Carolina College, at Columbia, fearlessly told the plain truth about existing relations between some of our Colleges and gave an outline of what the relations should be between institutions of learning.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President Venable, and Mrs. Charles A. Perkins of the University of Tennessee, addressed us on Friday.

There was small time given to fun till Polk Miller, with ten negro boys came upon the stage, at 11.30 P. M. of Friday. He said that he knew that the time allotted to the program had passed, that he should not feel bad if every one should leave, but that he was already locked out at home and he did not mind spending the night trying to entertain any who might remain. When I left at 1.30, Dr. McIver and "most everybody" were still there. "And the banjo was still a playin' and the boys were still a dancin' and a singin'."

I have given you all that I was able "to tote away," but this is not the half. nor the half of the half of the good things provided at the Southern Educational Association held at Richmond, Virginia, in the last days of the nineteenth century.

RING OUT FALSE PRIDE IN PLACE AND BLOOD.

MARY MILAM, '96.

In the olden time, when the Franciscan monks wished to impress any lesson upon the people, they first exhibited some relics of the saints, a thread of their garments, a hair of the head, or a bone of the skeleton. With these as object lessons, they inspired their audience with a religious awe, and illustrated the points in their discourse.

So, in attempting to impress the truth hidden in this line from the grandest poet of the nineteenth century, we will gather the remains of our saints and heroes from the history of great nations and individuals, and trust, that, as we touch these sacred remains, they may quicken our subject into a new and living meaning.

First we will turn to Greece, All through her history, until she reached the zenith of her power and glory, we see her sons characterized by a simple, sturdy, praiseworthy pride. Not a pride in their outward circumstances, in the accidents of wealth or birth, but a just pride in their own innate virtue and manhood, a pride that led them on to higher ideals and even nobler aims, until it resulted in a culture that in some respects has never been equaled by any other nation, ancient or modern. It was this pride that made possible the battle of Marathon and the Age of Pericles; for it was not until a haughty aristocracy had been swept away, and the equality of man had been recognized, that Athens attained her highest development.

But when she reached the summit of her glory, the character of her people changed. This is clearly seen in the Philipics of Demosthenes who laments the fact that his people have departed from the noble simplicity of former days. It was not for the lack of resources, continues Demosthenes, that Greece fell an easy prey to Philip of Macedon, for the treasury was full; but the national character had degenerated. Inflated with a false pride in their outward trappings of wealth, they forgot that "Man's a man for a' that," and lost that which alone renders nations as well as individuals invincible, the pride and independence born of conscious integrity.

Turning to Rome, we read the same story in her rise and fall, when her people were characterized by simple, homely virtues, in the days when manual labor was considered honorable and Cincinnatus was called from his plough to lead his country-

men in battle; then it was that Rome dyed the seas with Punic blood, and acquired her world-renowned fame.

When she became the confluence of the wealth of the world, dizzy with her height of splendor, she forgot the steps by which she had climbed, and folding her hands in idleness, placed her trust in her material wealth and outward circumstances. At this time the barbarians, the same barbarians that had once fled before the conquering legions of Caesar, hurled themselves upon the imperial city, and made an easy conquest. But Rome was not conquered by the Goth or Vandal; before their invasion she was already prostrate, the victim of her own false pride.

When we turn from nations to individuals for illustrations of true and false pride, history furnishes many striking examples but we shall notice only those of our own country and chiefly those of the South. But wherever we turn our eyes, in whatever age of the world's history, we find false pride fatal alike to national and individual character. In vain do we search among the ranks of a haughty aristocracy for great thoughts or actions. They are not the makers of the greatest history.

Where is the haughty aristocrat who in his cumbrous coach rode proudly by the barefoot Millboy of the Slashes, carrying a bag of corn on the back of his little pony? He is dead and his name with him, while every schoolboy in the land is familiar with the Millboy of the Slashes, and America, with fond pride, inscribes the sobriquet on the pages of her annals. Where are the men who constituted the gay circles of society when Abraham Lincoln floated his flatboat to New Orleans? Perhaps you will find their names on their tombstones; but Abraham Lincoln's name is engraved on the hearts of the American people of every sect and party, and grateful memory, like Old Mortality will chisel it ever deeper and deeper as long as America can boast of a patriot.

To the casual observer our own Southland seems a notable exception to this rule, nearly all of her greatest men having been of aristocratic birth.* But when we study the social fabric of the South more closely, we find that the word aristocracy has two meanings. George Washington was an aristocrat in its truest sense, but he never belonged to the coterie of giddy society which spent its days in idleness and licentious indulgence. Who would dare impute to Washington a touch of false pride in place and blood? Thomas Jefferson could boast of aristocratic descent on his mother's side; but, democrat to the core, he could never mention his claim to what the world called aristocracy without a sneer.

Our own Nathaniel Macon, though a man of the simplest habits of life, could not be said to have sprung from the common people. Quietly, majestically, without effort, by the simple force of his wisdom and virtue, he took his stand upon an eminence that only one other North Carolinian, our late lamented Vance, has reached. Yet through it all he was the same simple honest man, devoted to the best interests of the plain hard-working people. From his youth, when he quitted Princeton College to shoulder his musket and fight for the liberty of his country, until his death at an advanced age, there was never a time when his devoted countrymen did not lay honors at his feet; yet there was never a moment in his life when these honors engendered in him a false pride and made him forget that he was one of the great brotherhood of men.

Where is there a family in all the United States that can boast of better blood or prouder descent than the Lees? But who would breathe the name of Robert Lee in the same breath with arrogance of foolish pride? His was the aristocracy of the soul that soared infinitely above the bubble and bustle of worldly pride, yet stooped in sympathy to the sorrows of God's humblest creature, and lived in touch with the true interests of all mankind.

Alas! there is another form of aristocracy in our Southern society based upon a false pride in place and blood. Go with me for a moment in imagination throughout the Sunny South where once extended the broad acres of the Southern planter, and what do you see over and over again? The remnant of a once lordly estate, the old mansion in ruins, and within the former lord and his family living a life in keeping with their surroundings; sitting in idleness, bewailing their lot, living in the past, too proud to work, dwelling in seclusion because unwilling to mingle with the common people around, and without the means of seeking cultured society elsewhere. The children have been reared as serfs, bound to the spot of earth on which they were born, ignorant of the great world beyond, ignorant of systematic, successful toil, and above all, ignorant of the fact that they are no better than other people. Let us learn a lesson from this scene, but pass lightly, gently by, without scorning and without reproach; for these lives are tragedies such as Shakespeare never wrote and Euripides never dreamed. But this is only the shadow in the picture, bringing out in bold relief a far nobler pride and grander share of Southern character.

People often wonder at the prodigies performed by our Confederate soldiers,

and ask what could have been the underlying cause. Strike up a strain of Dixie, or mention the name of Robert Lee or Stonewall Jackson or Jefferson Davis in a Southern audience and you will quickly discover the secret. It is that grand old Southern pride, the pride of the Southern gentleman who bore that title without abuse; who prided himself in a name untarnished by any blot of dishonesty or selfishness; who inherited from his Teutonic ancestors of the German forests a reverence for woman and for all the sanctities of domestic life; whose wide halls and sumptuous board, symbolical of his heart and soul, were ever thrown open to a stranger as well as a friend, to the lowly as well as the great; whose motto expressed in living deeds was that which Jefferson Davis formulated in words, "Never be haughty to the humble nor humble to the haughty." It was this pride in our Southern land, Southern chivalry, Southern institutions which made Bull Run and Jackson's campaigns possible. It is this pride which has woven a halo of tender fancies around the South and made it enchanted ground. The South is still young, with little more than a century of associations; yet the oldest nations of the globe with their ages of historic deeds, have not that beauty of romance and depth of pathos which cluster around the South. There is a nameless something in every Southern heart when its chord of patriotism is struck, that is found nowhere else in history. It is a land with no ruins save the graves of its dead; yet the heart of the Greek or the Roman or the Englishman as he gazed upon the relics of bygone pomp and splendor never thrilled as the heart of a Southerner when he looks upon the nameless grave of a Confederate soldier.

It is this true pride which must form the foundation of the future grandeur of the New South. The false is dying fast, let it die. On every hand are signs of its death. In our female schools, the cook-stove is taking its place by the side of the piano, on the library shelf the cook-book is placed by the side of the latest novel. Young men and women are learning the dignity of manual labor, and are being trained for useful careers. Every New Year bell reverberating through the balmy Southern air is ringing out false pride in place and blood.

THE CHILD-HEART.

D. B. A.

The last rays of the sun had just touched the earth and fled, and twilight was wrapping all the world in its soft shadows, when there came a plaintive voice from the sick room, "Miss Jennie, oh Miss Jennie, mayn't I read just one *little* bit? Do bring a light—I'm so lonesome here!"

The nurse came in softly and said gently, "You must not read, dear! Try to be patient a little longer." Then she glided away.

The invalid, a girl, turned wearily on her pillow and sighed, "I'm so tired—so tired and lonesome." Suddenly a bright thought came to her, "Who was it that said he never grew weary of himself? Why it was the dear old 'Bachelor' who wrote down his *Reveries*!" And she smiled at the thought of his book. "Why I'll see if my past hasn't something in it to amuse me. To be sure I haven't lived nineteen years for nothing! I wonder if I feel about things as I did ten years ago! O my Child-Heart, dear little Child-Heart, come back and tell my Girl-Heart what you used to feel and think!" She smiled at the fancy, but out of the gloom of that room seemed to come the child she had been. Half-awed she whispered, "Child-Heart, have you come to me?" and then the Child-Heart came near her heart and murmured:

"Don't you remember the days long ago, when you were not so tired—when life was all before you and unknown—when you and I found all our little world so good? Think of our old home as it stood, gray and restful to the eye, on that little knoll! How the big oaks swayed against its sides and threw their blooms over the grass beneath them! How bright the dew-drops were on the grass in the early morning—we tried to catch them and wondered why they went away, and when the dew fell from the trees in drops, we thought the trees were weeping and wondered why they were sad."

"When the spring came and the butter-cups sprang up, how we greeted them with glee and hunted for the first Stars of Bethlehem. Do you remember when our mother told us why they had that name and how we thought the Christ as pure as they? And then, that wonderful fairy-land we called the 'cup'—that bit of meadow

shut in by leafy hills—it was always so green and fresh, and the brook which flowed through it sang so merrily and was so clear that we tried to see the elves beneath its surface. (Mother said there were fairies in every leaf and drop of water.) Heart-leaves and wood violets grew on the hills and we always took them to mother.

When summer came, we watched for our patch of gold—tiny butter-cups—to bloom. Some day we would go to it, and there the flowers would be swaying their golden heads in the sunlight! What was it that made us grow thoughtful then and made our hearts seem full of something we knew not what? Did we catch a glimpse of the Greater Glory in the glory of the flower?" Then the Child-Heart spoke on, bringing back the freshness and purity of her childhood to the tired girl on the pillow. When the nurse came in, she thought the sick girl asleep, but as she bent over the bed, the girl smiled. "Are you lonesome now?" said the nurse.

"No, oh no, my little Child-Heart has come back to me and told me of all I once loved and knew!"

And the nurse pitied her and said softly, "Poor child! She is delirious!"

* * * * *

The girl became a woman and knew a woman's joys and sorrows. Sometimes when the burden of life became too much, and faith, and purity, and love seemed gone from the world, she would bow her weary head and whisper, "Child-Heart, dear little Child-Heart, come back to me!" and then the same sweet spirit would come and speak to her of its pure faith and innocence, would tell her of the beauty and brightness of Nature, of the love and mercy of God who made all things.

The woman would take up her life again, and, cheered and soothed, would go on her way with renewed courage and faith.

As she grew older and older, people wondered at the cheeriness and sweetness of her nature—wondered that she never grew old in spirit, never lost her simple faith and child-like love for Nature and Nature's God. But she only smiled and said to herself, "Child-Heart, do you hear?"

And the Child-Heart would say, "We are one, you and I, as in the days before we left our Father's home to stay on earth—and we shall be one forevermore!"

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND MANHOOD OF ROBERT BURNS.

MARY T. MOORE, '04.

CHRISTINA M. SNIDER, '03.'

LUCY M. BABER, '04.

Read before the Cornelian Literary Society, Friday evening, January 4, 1901.

All of us, especially we young people, like to know something of the childhood days of great men, but it often happens that very little is known of them.

Few biographers go much into detail about the life of Robert Burns, the great peasant poet of Scotland. His early days seem to have been spent, like those of many other poor boys, in a hard struggle to obtain the necessities of life. Some say that beautiful pastoral, "The Cotters' Saturday Night," is a scene from his own life.

Burns was born in Ayr about the middle of the eighteenth century. His father was a poor tenant farmer who had built his home with his own hands. Misfortune seems to have overtaken Robert from the first, since about a week after his birth, the roof of the house fell in during a storm at midnight. The mother and child were carried through the rain and darkness to a cottage not far away.

Burns' father was a man of excitable temperament but of a most upright disposition and his mother, like the mother of most remarkable men, was a woman of superior mind. She had a great store of ballads and traditions as William Hewitt says, "we can well imagine Robert, sitting by his humble fireside, receiving into his childish heart, from the piety of the father and the imaginative tales of the mother, those images of genuine Scottish life which poured themselves forth as well in 'Tam o' Shanter' as in the grave and beautiful "Cotter's Saturday Night."

Burns had few school advantages but he applied himself to his studies at night after the day's work was done. He received rather imperfectly the training of the common school. In his sixth year he was sent to school at Alloway Mill, about a mile distant. Afterwards he and his younger brother, Gilbert, were put under the tuition of Mr. Murdock, a very painstaking and careful young teacher. He was accurately instructed in the first principles of composition and being an apt pupil, he made rapid progress. Their books consisted of the Shorter Catechism, the Bible,

the Spelling Book and Fisher's English Grammar. The only book he is known to have read outside of this primitive curriculum is a Life of Hannibal. When he was seven years old the family removed to a small upland farm called Mt. Oliphant, about two miles from Alloway, whither the lads daily plodded to school. At the end of two years, the teacher, having obtained a better situation at Carrick, the school was broken up. From that time on, William Burns took upon himself the education of his lads and lassies. He treated them as men and women, conversing with them on serious topics while about their labors on the farm. He borrowed from the Book Society in Ayr—such solid books as Ray's "Wisdom of God in the Creation," and for lighter reading the History of Sir William Wallace and others of like nature.

A brother of Burn's mother, who lived with them for a time, taught him arithmetic in the evenings after his day's labor in the field was done.

At thirteen he threshed grain with his own hands; when fourteen he attended school every alternate week to improve his writing; at fifteen he was the principal laborer on the farm. His family kept no servant and for several years butcher's meat was unknown in the house, consequently his naturally robust frame was overtaxed and his nervous constitution received a fatal strain. He became liable to headaches, palpitations and fits of depressing melancholy. From this grew his temptations which largely wrecked his life, thirst for stimulants and revolt against restraint.

It was possibly the memory of these adverse influences which inspired his pathetic appeal to the world's kindly judgment of himself and of his fellow-sinners when he cried:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis *he* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

When about sixteen he reviewed English grammar and studied French, which he is said to have acquired with uncommon facility. He tried Latin but finding it dry and uninteresting quickly laid it aside. He afterwards devoted a summer quarter to the study of surveying with a somewhat fitful and irregular attention. He never struggled forward to a University but "grew into practical wisdom and strength and expertness by the irrepressible movement of his own spirit." He maintained a correspondence with several of his friends to aid in forming his expression, and organized a debating club to exercise himself in general questions and discussed pro and con that he might see both sides. Above all, he studied nature. Much of his time was spent outdoors ploughing and there he had fine opportunities for pursuing this study.

It would be hard to say at how early an age this farmer's boy began to write verses. We find him bursting into song over a little daisy, "wee, modest, crimson tipped flower," which his plough had upturned. Wherever he was and however employed, he was always writing poetry. Early in his childhood he began to carry in his heart the image of some "lonsie, sonsie lass," and from that time on he was always in love. When he was about sixteen he had as a field companion a bright and lovable girl, and he says that one of his greatest pleasures was to sit by her and pick the nettles and briars from her little hands.

When he was about twenty he left the country where he had always lived and went to Edinburgh to enter a life that was broader and higher, but filled with temptations. He received a cordial welcome especially from literary men; go where he would he was always a welcome guest. The charm of his conversation seemed to distinguish him most, which, remarkable as it was for force and originality, was quite as remarkable for good sense and feeling. He was a man of understanding and fine intelligence gifted with ready wit and with a keen sense of humor. Although his life was hard, he faced it cheerfully and manfully. One of the saddest incidents was the death of Mary Campbell to whom he was engaged, and whom he has commemorated in his beautiful and touching poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

He married his first love, Jean Armour, and soon became a farmer again. It is on those early days of his marriage, when he was so happily planning a home for his family and for his old age, that we like to dwell. He was always poor, his income never exceeded seventy pounds and at his death in 1796, his family was in such straitened circumstances that a purse was made up for them. His last days were full of suffering but his mind was ever upon his family, and he was filled with sadness, that he must leave them in poverty.

THE SHARE OF THE WAGE EARNER IN THE GENERAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.

SENEX.

[To the Editors of the *State Normal Magazine*.—My idea in furnishing a politico-economic article to a Student's Magazine was, that, as most of your readers will be teachers, they ought to be put on their guard against the oft-repeated fallacy that "the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer," in our country. This statement is so often made to and accepted by people who have never given the subject a moment's serious thought, that I desired to have your future teachers see the figures which prove the incorrectness of the common saying, that they may teach those who come under their influence, and so tend to form a correct public opinion on this important matter.]

We often see in print and hear it said that at the close of the nineteenth century "the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer in our land." This is both a false and a wicked statement; false because it is demonstrably untrue, wicked because it tends to promote class hatred, envy and an uncharitableness among our people.

In proof of my assertion I ask you to think over the meaning of the following statements gathered from data collected by the chief financial paper in the United States, the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and published in its annual supplement giving the economic results of the past half century.

Since 1850 wages, expressed in gold, have increased about one hundred per cent., that is have doubled, while the purchasing power of these wages has also doubled. In other words a day's labor now gives the worker four times the quantity of commodities that it would have given half a century ago.

In 1850 there were in the United States in round numbers 108 Savings Banks, with 250,000 depositors. Their deposits amounted to \$43,000,000. The average to each depositor was \$172. In 1900 the figures show 1,002 Savings Banks, with 5,875,000 depositors. Their deposits amounted to \$2,384,000,000. The average to each depositor was \$405.

The *Journal of Commerce* estimates that this nation of nearly six millions of depositors, many of whom are heads of families, represents about fifteen millions of people, or nearly one-fifth of our population. The annual interest paid to-day to these depositors by the Savings Banks amounts to about eighty six millions of dol-

lars. In other words the depositors in the Savings Banks have added to their wealth in six months this enormous sum, and remember that these depositors are mostly wage earners.

It is undoubtedly true "that the rich are growing richer," and it is also true that the wage earner is growing richer at the same time. The one helps the other. The general prosperity of the country is happily shared by both classes.

From 1846 to 1851 was, as workman, book-keeper and manager, conversant with the wages earned and savings made by wage earners in the States of New York and Maine by men in the tanning and lumbering business. In both States unmarried men beginning on \$10 a month and never earning over \$13 a month, with board, could and did, save in ten years one thousand dollars. A sum quite sufficient to start any man in business as a small contractor.

Wages being higher now men can save this sum more quickly than they could then, provided they will be economical and practice thrift; not buying what they do not need, and postponing present enjoyment to future independence.

The other day in Charlotte two car-loads of fruit were being unloaded, one from Florida, the other from California, this fruit is mostly bought by the wage earning class; a very indisputable proof of their prosperity. Such fruit was an unattainable luxury in 1850.

Go into the homes of our wage earners and consider the furnishing of the houses, the pictures on the walls, the parlor organs, the sewing machines, the dress of the inmates and think what an improvement it means over the conditions of fifty years ago.

Look at our public schools, and at The State Normal and Industrial College, and thank God and take courage.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

DANIEL R. GOODLOE.*Editors State Normal Magazine:*

Your correspondent, Mr. Wilder, has, I think, omitted the name of a gentleman who has taught in the Louisburg Male Academy. It is that of Samuel L. Hillman, who afterwards became eminent as a lawyer in the western part of the State. Judge Robert B. Gilliam told me that Hillman had one of the most intellectual faces that he ever looked upon. He was of New Hampshire.

An amusing anecdote is related by the late Colonel Wheeler, the Historian of North Carolina, in which Hillman figures. It has been before the public a long time, but I will venture to repeat it for your young readers. It was the custom of the lawyers in those days, when they had less to do than now, to tell stories some times on each other. Some times they took the shape of an epitaph. On this occasion there were four lively lawyers in court. Mr. Dodge, who was a nephew of Washington Irving and partook of some of his genius, was prosecuting or defending a client with all his might. Hillman, Swain, afterwards Governor of North Carolina and President of our University, and Dewes amused themselves by perpetrating an epitaph on Dodge:

“Here lies poor Dodge who dodged all good
Who dodged a deal of evil,
But after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the Devil.”

They slipped this on the table where Dodge could not fail to see it when he sat down. He immediately replied to it as follows:

“Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,
Their lot let no man choose,
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the Devil got his Dewes.”

Governor Swain is well known for his honorable career as an educator. Messrs. Hillman and Dewes are only known as distinguished members of the Bar. Mr. Hillman died early.

The members of the Bar, in those comparatively remote days were not busy. They employed their leisure time—the best of them—in reading the great works on English law or else in drinking deep at the well of pure English Literature.

They were not flooded with the blanket sheet newspapers of the present day nor overwhelmed with our cheap, mean books.

Lawyers were generally amiable. Now and then a giant like Badger would come among them with his sledge hammer blows to knock their brains out.

If he had always done this, the country would have been under infinite obligations to him. But it was in the United States Senate that he greatly failed. He was a Henry Clay Whig—a Daniel Webster Whig. He could not have failed to have been opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. All his convictions, all his prejudices, all his true interests were against that disastrous measure. He afterwards confessed in a speech at Salisbury that it was the great mistake of his life. His old friend, Nathaniel Boyden, embraced him on this occasion.

Badger wanted, as the French say, “the courage of his opinion,” and, in an evil hour, he was induced to abandon the principles of his life. If he had been true to himself on that occasion; if he had made such a speech as he could have made against the repeal—and neither Webster nor Clay, if alive, could have made a better—he might have saved the Union.

The Whigs of the country wanted just such a man as Badger might have been at the time. John Bell, of Tennessee, opposed the repeal in a half-hearted way; and if he had had Badger at his back, others would have joined them, and the measure might have been defeated, the Union saved, and Badger would have been made President.

Louisburg, N. C., Dec. 29, 1900.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

COLLEGE WORK.

The full attendance upon, and the earnest interest taken in, our daily prayer services, encourage us to hope that the future has for us a great spiritual, as well as intellectual development.

The committee recently appointed for Bible Study work, is showing its zeal by its fruits. A new Bible class is to be organized, and additional members are seen in those already established.

On Sunday evening, January 6, our Association was profitably entertained by a lecture from Miss Hancock, who has recently returned from a missionary labor of six years in China. She gave us much information as to the habits and customs of the Chinese, and inspired in us a more earnest wish to help them.

Dr. Crawford preached for us Sunday evening, December 16. We are always glad to have him among us.

We are now especially anxious to secure our "Student's Building," which is to include a Y. W. C. A. Hall. The estimated amount for the hall is three thousand dollars. Mr. Bailey, of Mocksville, has given us a thousand dollars. A committee has been appointed to raise the other two thousand dollars. Donations will be gratefully received.

ANNA FERGUSON, '01.

THE CENTURY WATCH-NIGHT.

To those of us who spent the holidays here, the remembrance of the little daily prayer-meetings will ever bring up sweet recollections. The culmination of all these was reached when we had our watch hour. This service, which was held in the chapel at the last hour of the old year and of the old century, was conducted by Miss Pittman. Prayers and songs were offered to Him who has been so gracious to us all the days of our life. After a number of the old songs that do our hearts so much good, we had several sentence prayers. Two of the Psalmist's songs of praise were then read. The last part of the service was spent by those present giving their mottoes, from the Scripture, for the coming year. As the college bell tolled the passing of another year and of another century, we rose and offered our praise by singing the Doxology. Those present felt that of a truth, in this service, we had for the coming year helped to "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

MABEL HAYNES, '01.

THE STORY OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature, and of a terrible aspect, and, being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he was resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings; and at length he came to the court of a certain monarch who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and he offered to serve him. And the king, seeing his great height and strength—for surely since the giant of Gath there had been none like to him—entertained him with joy.

Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sang before the king; and, in his story there was frequent mention of the devil, and every time the king heard the name of the evil spirit he crossed himself. Christopher inquired the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee!" So the king told him: "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world: thou has deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art." So he departed, and he travelled far and wide; and as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he; seek no farther." Then Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

Now, when they had journeyed a long, long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the way-side. When the Evil One saw the cross he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?" and the devil answered not. Then said

Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished; and he said, "How, then! this Jesus, whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!" So he left the devil and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and, having sought him for many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him that he would show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king, whom thou seekest, is indeed, the great king of heaven and earth; but if thou wouldest serve him, he will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." And Christopher said, "I will not fast; for, surely, if I were to fast my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray!" added the hermit. Said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such service." Then said the hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony and wide and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And he answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve; and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This can I do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!" So he went as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of the river; and, having rooted up a palm tree from the forest, —so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never wearied of helping those who needed help.

So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me!"

Now, when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore; it was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him, in the

same words, a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a child sitting on the bank, who entreated him saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight, and he began to fear; but nevertheless, taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm-staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and, behold, I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates—but the miraculous child had vanished.

Then Christopher fell on his face, and confessed and worshipped Christ.

ALUMNÆ HISTORY PRIZE.

To Former Students of the State Normal and Industrial College:

The Alumnae Association of the State Normal and Industrial College offers a prize of \$25 for the best historical paper written by a former student of the College upon the following conditions:

1. The student must have spent at least one year at the College.
2. The paper must treat of some phase of North Carolina history.
3. The manuscript must be typewritten, must contain not more than 2,000 words, and must be sent to Miss Mary Tinnin, Greensboro, N. C., by April 25, 1901.
4. Each writer must use a nom-de-plume, her real name being given in a separate sealed envelope which may be enclosed with the paper.

Competent judges will award the prize after a careful consideration of *originality*, *research* and *literary* merit shown by each paper.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Educational Review for January is full of matter which every teacher and prospective teacher should read.

"Suggestions for teachers of American literature," and "Elective studies in high schools" are valuable for their practical teaching. The paper of most interest to us in North Carolina when our Legislature is discussing a State adoption of text-books is James H. Blodgett's exposition of "Defects in elementary text-books." These defects are ludicrous in spite of the evil they do and they have been apparent to many a teacher who feels with Mr. Blodgett that "the encouragement of the teacher to report errors is limited in present conditions." Again Mr. Blodgett says: "It may occur that no teacher is on the board that selects books. In several States the governors or other high officials are on such boards, as if to re-assure the people by the use of their names."

The following is an unusual but interesting suggestion:

"The effects of errors in text-books extend far beyond the schools. An influence on national legislation has been already intimated. In every direction examinations are more and more demanded for recognition. With defective text-books increasing terrors surround the examinations. Not only is a candidate liable to be wrong when following the information given him through an authorized book, but the candidate who is right is liable to be charged with errors by an examiner who is himself misinformed by a standard authority, standard so far as the official adoption for the schools can make it so."

Mr. Blodgett has ample opportunity to test the influence of text-books, having for years been in charge of Government examinations at Washington, D. C.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews as always carries us most delightfully over the world, showing the status and the outlook for the nations. It gives our students history as it has just been made, freed from the fringes with which the daily papers adorn current events. Present conditions in Spain are most pleasantly presented and one feels more comfortable about the future of that whilom great and ever beautiful land.

The prosperity of our neighbor Mexico under the wise administration, in his sixth term of President Diaz is a cheering proof of the world's rapidly advancing civilization. The questions of the day which are on every tongue are compactly but clearly outlined and the student who cannot cull for herself may reap here the benefit of this full gathering.

Sir John Tenniel's "Fifty Years on Punch" brings back many an episode of international interest and shows too how powerful in influence is the little fun-poking cartoon. A sketch of Mark Twain is of interest, but the headline of portraits shows the evolution from a river boat pilot to a famous author more succinctly than many chapters can do.

Another history of the people of the United States, by Professor Woodrow Wilson, begins in Harper's for January. The opening chapters survey the whole field of exploration through the permanent settlements in Virginia and in New England. "My Japan," by Poultney Bigelow, is a pleasant presentation of home life in Japan. Grace King writes of the cession of Louisiana by the French in "The Ola Cabildo of New Orleans." "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker, begins in this number, and there are several short stories.

In Scribner's, Henry Norman describes the Caucasus in his third article on "Russia of To-day." An agreeable glimpse of Modern Athens, by George Horton, is pleasant reading and profitable as well, since to the average American the Athens of to-day is more shadowy than the Athens of Pericles. The sculptor Rodin is discussed rather critically by W. C. Brownell. The short stories are not "worth while" for busy people.

In McClure's for January, "Recollections of the Stage and its People," by Clara Morris, is of more than usual interest, coming as it does from the pen of one who suffered meekly before she triumphed proudly. Ray Stannard Baker shows us the Emperor William from the standpoint of a discriminating student of character.

The Century gives us a story by Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, "A Comedy of Conscience;" "Hamlet's Castle," by Jacob Riis; "The United States Patent Office," by E. V. Smalley; a paper on exploration of the Canons of the Rio Grande, and some short stories.

It is more true to-day than ever before that "of the making of books there is no end." It is neither possible nor desirable for even the man or woman of leisure to read all that comes from the press. Much less is it to be hoped that our students will read the tithe of our current literature. Now and then, however, I come upon a publication which I wish our young people to enjoy. Such a book is "The Golden Book of Venice." A Historical romance of the 16th Century, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull.

We need not be frightened by the word "historical," because we have, of late, occasionally been beguiled into reading books under that head which are neither historic nor romantic.

Mrs. Turnbull's book is a close student of the time and nation of which she writes and the story is full of romance and of heart lore. It is a pure book. There is not in it a gross thought. Her portrayal of life among both the lofty and the lowly shows us the ideal home and illustrates the divinity of mother-love. In the group of characters, Fra Paolo Sarpi is the most striking figure. He is Christ-like.

The heroine, Marina, is a daughter of the people. She is so beautiful and with an expression so sanctified by her tender love for a dead sister's invalid boy, that the great painter, Paul Veronese, determined to use her as a model for a Madonna. Among his pupils was a young noble, Giustinian, from the proudest house in Venice. There in the studio of Veronese, pupil and model learned to love each other. The name of Marina's family had never been placed upon the Golden Book, where none but the names of nobles were found. Till her name was written there, she might not become the wife of a noble.

Just here, the reader is agreeably surprised that the young Giustinian so easily accomplished his heart's best wish. He literally stormed the Doge, the Senate, and the Council of Ten by his eloquence and by his knowledge of the law and of precedent, and the fair Marina's name was enrolled among those of the nobility.

There is not a flaw in their happiness till dissension arose between Rome and Venice, between Church and State. Marina, influenced by her father-confessor could see naught but evil in the opposition of Venice to the wishes of the Holy Father. The cloud gathered about her till the sweet young wife and mother struggling against imaginary horror subjected herself to suspicion and to the consequent discipline of her government. Very tenderly did these nobles deal with her, but suffering of mind added to the stern physical chastisement, self-inflicted drove reason

from its throne. When at last, believing herself in Rome at the Pope's feet to plead for Venice; but really in Venice in the Senate Chamber, she was told that the curse of excommunication had been removed, her gentle bosom sighed for peace and her breath went out in a "Benedicite."

We are left with a heartache, for one so longs for the renewal of the beautiful home-life in the palace of the young Giustinian.

Mrs. Turnbull's descriptions of Venice, of its churches, palaces, and smaller works of art, are exuberant. The book abounds in scenic beauties and in dramatic situations. Her vocabulary is very large. She finds a word for every tint, for every wavelet of sound, for every breath of perfume. Her pictures are kalaidescopic; bright, changing, unwearying. The following brings before us the interiors of old San Marco in the opening chapter:

"The body of the church, from the door to the great white marble screen of the choir and from column to column, was filled with an assembly in which the brilliant and scholarly elements predominated; and seen through the marvelous fretwork of this screen of leafage and scroll and statue and arch, intricately wrought and enhanced with gilding, the choir presented an almost bewildering pageant. The dark wood background of the stalls and canopies, elaborately carved and polished and enriched with mosaics, each surmounted with its benediction of a gilded winged cherub's head, framed a splendid figure in sacerdotal robes. Through the small, octagonal panes of the little windows encircling the choir—row upon rows, like an antique necklace of opals set in frosted stonework—the sunlight slanted in a rainbow mist, broken by splashes of yellow flame from great wax candles in immense golden candlesticks, rising from the floor and steps of the altar, as from the altar itself. From great brass censers, swinging low by exquisite Venetian chainwork, fragrant smoke curled upward, crossing with slender rays of blue the gold webwork of the sunlight; and on either side golden lanterns rose high on scarlet poles, above the heads of the friars who crowded the church."

EDITORIAL.

With this issue THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE enters upon the twentieth century and continues the sixth year of its life. The purposes of its establishment were: to keep alive college spirit among our students; to secure a quarterly letter from the College to its students and Alumnæ; to foster a love of literature among ourselves; and to give the public an exposition of our college life, thought, hopes, and aspirations. How far these purposes have been attained, it is idle here to say. Through the five years of its life, the editors have striven to accomplish the intention of its founders. The press of the State and several scholarly men and women have been most kind in comment and their praise has done much to encourage our young women to renewed effort. Guided by the strong, skilled hand of Miss Mary M. Petty, the Magazine passed safely through its infancy and youth. When it had attained to years of discretion, Miss Petty withdrew to do other work in the college which called for her efficient and faithful service. The new management bespeaks from the faculty and students that support, literary and pecuniary, without which no college publication can live. No labor on the part of the editors will be spared to make the Magazine worthy of its beginning, of its Alma Mater and of the State of North Carolina. To further this ambitious aim, we appeal to those interested in our cause—the education of our women—to contribute from their own and their friends resources in literary contributions and in subscriptions. Perhaps no college publication has in North Carolina presented stronger names among its contributors. It is safe to say that none of its class has furnished more readable papers, essays and squibs from the student body. Each year the effort has been to raise the standard of the publication. When its pages have been few it has meant that its editors have been unable to secure matter which would be of service to our young women. It has meant that they preferred little reading of a good order to much reading of poorer material. When criticisms have come on account of this scarcity of students' work, the Magazine has received it silently but gratefully; feeling sure of the kind intention of our brother and sister colleges; and with the determination to do better. It is with pleasure that we refer to recent numbers containing

papers from our students. The number of these contributions has increased in each issue. Not only present students, but all who have worked here are requested to aid in the work which this Magazine has undertaken.

It is with pleasure that I commend to your careful reading **Professor Parrish.** our leading article in this issue. It is a significant fact that it was a woman's plea for women which most arrested the attention of the body of educators at the Southern Educational Association held at Richmond, Virginia, December 27-29, 1900.

Professor Parrish is a Virginian and attended school in Pittsylvania county. For five years she taught a country public school. Later she taught in the Danville City Schools, and while teaching there she studied at the Roanoke Female College from which after three years, she graduated. After some years more of teaching in Danville City Schools, she became a teacher in the Roanoke Female College and went thence to the State Normal School of Virginia in the first year of its life. At the end of her first year there she was elected teacher in the State Normal, but she continued to study and graduated there at the end of another year. After teaching in this school nine years, she went to the Michigan University one year on leave of absence. The next year she was called to Randolph-Macon Woman's College and studied at Cornell in the summer only, for two or three years. Then she had leave of absence for six months and at Cornell, she took her degree. Since that time while holding the professorship at Randolph-Macon Woman's College she has studied three summer sessions in the University of Chicago.

While Professor Parrish's paper bristles with thorny truths which press us in tender places, yet Southern women will thank her for this fearless championship of their cause. The picture which she presents will, by some, be thought too vivid. It is Turneresque, but the artist who draws from the life and to the life is often, unfairly, accused of exaggeration. There are yet too many models from which she might have worked to doubt that she has seen and suffered to the extent of her portrayal. Yet we must not condemn the old ways of woman's education—or the lack of education—in toto. All of us know in the South scores of scholarly women of middle age and of old age who had no opportunity to enjoy the new college training, yet who are the equals of any as intelligent mothers and teachers. They gave their lives to "Child Study," though not one, perhaps, ever wrote a psychological history of her baby, nor could have done so.

It is true that as nurseries for bread-winners our old-time school for girls was a failure. Such a one would have been an anachronism. Women were pets and ornaments then in the South. The necessity for their earning money was considered a calamity akin to death in the family. It was so humiliating that they dared not venture over their own threshold to earn a dollar though their best beloved were needing bread. The men of the South thought that to protect a woman meant to support her in the privacy of her home. They could see nothing but desecration for her in any other life. So long as they could, they cared for her there, and to the extent of their ability she lacked nothing.

With the change of condition among us have come courageous men and women to meet the change. The women first realized the new order, and began to knock at the school room, the office, and the counting room doors. The men protested that she did not belong there, that she should reign a queen in her domestic kingdom. She longed for that sovereignty which she had seen her mother hold, but a ruler needs funds with which to buy ammunition for defense against an enemy. Her enemy, the wolf, was at the door, and she could not, by sitting still, drive him away. Then she demanded equipment, and then her father, brother, or lover, perhaps, came to a sense of the justice of her demands. They began to provide for her new necessities. One by one the lords of legislation were won over. The fight has been long and hard, but it is lessening each month, and before first decade of this century shall have passed, the woman of the South will be securely possessed of her educational needs. For this accession to her inheritance she will thank her sisters of the present day as chiefly instrumental in the victory.

Richmond, which we like yet to call the "Capital of the South," has been the scene of great battles. Giants have struggled there and failed. Many a call to do and to be have echoed from its hills, but none more vibrant, none more enforcing, has gone from them than that raised by a woman for women in the closing days of the nineteenth century. Her plea, and that of others like her, for the education of the white women of the South will be heeded, and its results will be more potent for good than any cry made from Richmond in the 60's.

A. G. R.

During the last few years there has been a marked tendency among North Carolina Colleges to send out a representative of each College in the form of a periodical. Many of our new preparatory schools are following the same plan. Along with this movement come naturally the questions: What is a college magazine? What is its aim?

In answer to the first question, let us consider a few points. Is a college magazine one that is edited entirely by the faculty or any member of the faculty of a college? Certainly not. Can it ever accomplish what one published by the student-body could? This is becoming a serious problem in some of our magazines. It is to be expected that the faculty of an institution could edit a paper more polished in style and more finished in form than a set of immature students, but would their work appeal to the student-body in general? Is there not a touch of roughness and incompleteness in a periodical published by students that by its very oddity of thought, appeals to us? And this brings us to our second question: What is the aim of a college magazine? Is it to benefit the world at large and to entertain the public; to be the outgrowth and strength of the college itself, or to help in joining the students into one great army of literary workers? Clearly, the first is impossible, for not only developed talent, but capital also, is lacking. The carrying out of the third aim accomplishes both second and third.

Now, by saying that a college magazine is not for the purpose of entertaining the public, we do not mean that it is to be without articles of interest to outsiders (for we must remember that people measure our worth by what interest we give them), but its primary aim is to benefit the students of its individual college and other colleges. Here in North Carolina, we occupy a peculiar position. There are no leading literary journals published in our State, and so the college periodicals are, in a way and to a certain degree, responsible for the literary tone of the people. In the colleges are gathered together young men and women from all parts of the State. Give them an inspiration towards higher literary life and they will so change this old State, so improve her ideas of education, that one would scarcely know her at the end of the twentieth century for the North Carolina of the beginning.

We, the editors, do not realize what a responsibility for the uplifting of our fellow-students we bear.

As we make our Magazines stronger, so we strengthen our colleges, but that is an indirect aim. First of all, then, we are to publish our magazines in order to improve our own students; they in turn will improve our State. Secondly, through

this medium, we are to play our part in the literary world and to exert whatever power we can to raise the literary ideals of our people. We have taken our opinion from outsiders too long, let us strive to create a literary impulse in North Carolina which shall raise her to a higher life and make her what she was intended to be—our grand “Old North State.”

D. B. A.

That part of our college, perhaps one of the most important
A Course In Music. features and recently recognized as beneficial, has at last taken firm root among us—the musical department. In the hands of most efficient directors it has created much interest in the college. In addition to instruction on the piano by Miss Brockmann, the students of other instruments, under the direction of Mr. Brockmann, have been organized into an orchestra which is making rapid progress as shown by the delightful recitals given in the chapel.

The one obstacle to this department is that the regular courses laid down in the catalogue do not provide for the time which must be given to this branch of education and the music course is open only to those who are not taking a regular course of study, or to those who make their stay here longer than would otherwise be necessary.

We hope that soon another course will be formulated for the purpose of giving those students who desire it an opportunity of taking a full musical course, as many now take courses in business, domestic science, literature and pedagogy. F. W.

We are beginning the year with renewed spirit in the field of ath-
Athletics. letics. Basket ball takes the lead, but tennis is not far behind.

The Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores have basket ball teams and the courts are in order. The Senior class of last year presented its ball to the present Freshman class and it is hoped that the latter class will organize, since we wish to do some systematic playing this spring.

At present, the Junior team takes the lead. They have their colors and their yell:

“Hoopala! Hoopala!
Red and blue,
We are the class of 1902.
Hoopala! Hoopala!
Ri! ra! ru!
Hurrah!”

The basket ball tournament to be given in May was a suggestion made by the Senior class at a recent meeting of the Association and was received with enthusiastic approval. The need of something definite to play for has been felt. A tournament in which every class team can take part will furnish this stimulus.

The trophy cup given to the Association by last year's Senior class is to be presented to the champion team. The plan of the tournament is as follows: Five games are to be played during the first week in May. The first will be played by the Senior and Sophomore classes; the second by the Junior and Freshman classes. The two victorious teams will play each other three games. That one winning two out of the three of these games will be declared the champion basket ball team and will receive the trophy cup.

D. K. C.

We, the students of the State Normal and Industrial College, are proud and glad to say that "The Honor System" alone is used in our college.

The Duty of the Student Body.

We have no rules except those of vital importance and most of these are made by the student body. The school government, and consequently the reputation of our beloved college, are largely in our hands. The President and faculty have shown their confidence by entrusting to us these great responsibilities.

Have we, fellow students, been impressed deeply enough as to our duty? Have we thoughtlessly disregarded our few regulations? If we have, then it is time for each one to pause and consider, for every fellow-student is watching our conduct. We, as individuals should act, but the greatest power is from the student body as a whole. It should not allow students to ignore study hours; to enter rooms during study periods; to keep lights burning after the bell rings; to be late at meals; to be noisy during school hours and especially in the chapel.

A few weeks before the holidays, we were anticipating the good time we were to have. The jolly vacation can be counted among past pleasures, and perhaps these first few days of our new session have been partly spent in retrospection, but now it is time for us to realize that we have four months of hard labor before us. The question is, shall they be successful? Again this is, to a great degree, for the student body to settle.

To do anything successfully we must have hearty co-operation, and this arti-

de is written to urge the students to do their duty; to work with the faculty in securing good order; to inspire a high sense of honor, personal responsibility, self respect; and especially regulating in this spirit the attendance of the students at church services.

If the students do their duty, we need no more rules. Let us not force the faculty to make them. Let us see how long we can live without them. L. S.

The sudden death of Hon. Wm. T. Faircloth, **Judge W. T. Faircloth.** December 29, 1900, was quite a shock to the whole State which he had served so long and faithfully. He was born on a farm in Edgecombe county, January 8, 1829, where he grew up, receiving only a country school education. In 1850, he entered Wake Forest College and graduated in 1854.

Having read law with Chief Justice Pearson, he obtained license January 1st, 1856, and began to practice at Snow Hill, Greene county, and later at Goldsboro, Wayne county.

In 1865, he was a member of the Legislature and afterwards became solicitor of the Superior Court for the 3d Judicial District. In November, 1875, he was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, which office he occupied until the fall of 1878. At the time of his death, he was Chief Justice of North Carolina, having served in that capacity six years.

All of these offices he filled with efficiency and died leaving an honored name. He was everywhere known for his sterling worth and integrity of character.

He was a devout member of the Baptist church, and his deeds of charity were too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that in his will he substantially and liberally remembered the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, the Baptist Woman's College at Raleigh, and his Alma Mater, showing his love for his church institutions and his faith in the value of education.

On January 10, 1867, he married a daughter of Mr. Council Wooten at La Grange, Lenoir county, N. C. B. S. '01.

Before this number of our Magazine goes to press we shall **Governor Aycock.** have inaugurated, on January 15, 1901, our Governor for the next four years—Charles Brantley Aycock. Just at this time a short sketch of his life will not come amiss. To us this is a pleasure, since Mr. Aycock is directly connected with our college by virtue of his honorary membership of the Adelpian Literary Society.

The man who is now entering upon his career as Governor of one of the best States in the Union was born on a farm near Fremont, N. C., on November, 1, 1859. He was reared on a farm and through force of circumstances, he worked and went to school alternately. Near his home and subsequently at Wilson and Kinston he received the rudiments of his education, but, cherishing higher aims, he attended the University of North Carolina, graduating there in the class of 1880.

He read law during his closing year at the University and afterwards with Mr. A. H. Smedes, of the Goldsboro Bar, one of the most brilliant lawyers the State has ever produced. In January, 1881, Mr. Aycock was licensed to practice law.

Soon after this he was elected Superintendent of the Public Schools, of Wayne county, which position he filled for one year. Since that time he has been identified with the educational interest of his community. His worth being realized, he was made chairman of the Goldsboro Graded School Board in 1890. He has served creditably in this capacity for the last ten years and, to this day, is an ardent friend to public education.

From 1893-1898 he was United States Attorney, where, as in every position to which he has been called, either State or Federal, the duties of his office were performed in a conscientious and masterly manner.

On April 11, 1900, in the State Democratic Convention at Raleigh, he was nominated by acclamation, for Governor and was elected August 2, 1900, by a majority of 60,252 votes, the largest majority that any Governor of North Carolina has ever had.

He takes the gubernatorial chair loved and honored by the people of the State. It is safe to say that no name, not even Vance's, will, in the coming years, be held in greater affection by North Carolinians.

F. M. '02.

CURRENT EVENTS.

BERTHA R. SUGG.

With the dawn of the new century come many responsibilities and great undertakings. The one which is perhaps of most interest to us is the construction of the Nicaraguan canal, compared with which the Suez canal falls into insignificance. This is a subject which has been under discussion for more than two centuries; it was the dream of Napoleon, Commodore Vanderbilt attempted a water-way across Nicaragua, but it remained for the United States to assume this herculean task.

This canal will be 190.04 miles long, and it is estimated, will furnish employment to an average of fifty thousand men between seven and eight years. The route has already been surveyed and the cost of construction will be about one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Other projects before the people of the United States are ship canals which will connect the Great Lakes with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the Hudson river, and with the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. When these are finished we will have a complete system of inland water-ways by means of which all of our great inland cities will be made practically sea-port towns.

What more nearly concerns us is the system of canals from Boston to Galveston, inasmuch as the route passes through North Carolina. The present plan is to improve the Dismal Swamp canal, dredge the Pasquotank river, and dig a "cut-off" through North Carolina lowlands.

These will lessen the cost of transportation about one-half. Although the construction of these canals will cost such a vast sum, it will be an immense saving as the commerce of the Great Lakes is greater than all of our foreign trade. But there is still another consideration. While this would be so great a help in carrying on commerce, it would be of the greatest importance in war, as whole fleets could pass inland from one port to another.

The general trend at present is toward a saving of time and money in transportation. In the Old World the improvements along this line are a ship canal from Manchester to Liverpool, and one from Southampton to London. The latter numbers among its projectors several American capitalists. France contem-

plates a canal connecting the Loire and the Rhone which empty the one into the Atlantic, the other into the Mediterranean. This would interfere seriously with England's sway over the Mediterranean and greatly lessen her tariff income. Germany will similarly connect the Baltic and the North Sea, while Russia will join the Baltic to the Black Sea. Russia is also pushing ahead the Trans-Siberian railway. By this means the trip from Paris to Peking may be made in sixteen instead of thirty-four days. Great Britain, not to be outdone, will, by a railroad across France and Italy, and a short trip across the Mediterranean, connect with Alexandria. From this place, a railroad will be extended across Arabia, thence along the shores of Persia, and across India to Kunlong whence it could easily (provided the Chinese are willing) be extended to Shanghai.

Africa must have her share in the improvements so Great Britain will bind together her African possessions by a "Cape-to-Cairo" railroad extending, as the name implies, from Cape Town to Cairo. A young Englishman, Ewart Scott Grogan, a Cambridge student on a vacation, recently accomplished this trip on foot, a distance of about 6,000 miles. He started out in the early part of 1898 and was eighteen months in making the journey. Mr. Grogan has written a book in which he gives a full account of his explorations.

The invading forces of the Boers still hold their own in Cape Colony. They seem very well contented with existing circumstances, evading battle when possible.

Australia is no longer a colony, but has become a commonwealth like Canada. It is a fact worthy of note that this change of government was made on the first day of the new century.

Much to the surprise of the Powers, China has accepted the peace terms and it is thought that peaceful relations will soon be restored. However, the signatures have not been affixed to the treaty as there are a few points concerning which the Chinese wish the Powers to be more explicit. The Chinese acknowledge that it is now impossible to recall their assent. Moreover, Chang-Chi-Tung, Viceroy of Hunan and Hupe, and author of "China's Only Hope," has requested that the missionaries return to their post at least in the great cities of the Yang-tse provinces.

The first political party under American rule, known as the Autonomists, has

been formed in Manila. The declaration of principles which acknowledges American sovereignty, and, to a degree, native autonomy, was adopted at a meeting of Filipinos by a vote of 123 to 6. Many of the Filipinos, including thirty-nine priests, have signed a paper expressing their loyalty to the United States. Peace is rapidly being restored, and the volunteer regiments will soon return home. In Porto Rico, the Legislature, which was elected in November, is now in session. It is an interesting fact that the President of the convention in Cuba is Senor Mendez Capote, formerly vice-president of the revolutionary government.

Oklahoma has applied for Statehood and has presented some excellent claims to it. What seems to us one of the best is that of a population of 400,000, 100,000 are school children and for this number are provided 2000 school-houses. They have only six per cent. of illiteracy, no penitentiary, and not even a poor-house. This is a strong argument in favor of education as a protection against vice and crime.

A Chicago University professor has discovered that salt solutions possess wonderful vitality restoring power. By an injection of the solution, a dog which had lost 90 per cent. of its blood has been restored to health and strength. In a limited way the experiment has been successfully tried on human beings.

"A great inventor of the nineteenth century startles us with a statement which he makes at the beginning of the twentieth century. Nikola Tesla says that while testing his wireless telegraphy apparatus on various occasions, he has discovered that somebody has been systematically trifling with his instruments. Whoever it is sounds a continuous "call" from some invisible instrument and Mr. Tesla thinks the message must come from a Western Union office on the planet Mars. He does not understand the language of the Martians, but no doubt the folks up there, through their telescopes, have discovered Mr. Tesla experimenting down here and are wanting to know what he is up to. Why Mars should be the first planet to cry, "Hello, the house!" to earth, is what we do not understand clearly, but of course it is up to us to answer him back that our dogs won't bite and to 'light and hitch his horse.' But really, we earth-dwellers with our Philippine scrap, our Boer war, our Chinese shooting match, and one or two others, have thought we already had Mars here. Perhaps he thinks he belongs here and so wired Mr. Tesla. It would have been more interesting however, to have had Mercury, he of the winged feet,

to introduce himself, because Count Zeppelin would like to get some pointers from him on the art of flying; or better still to have Venus, ever radiant in evening, to throw us a kiss by way of Mr. Tesla's ticker. We are a little shy of Col. Mars. However, in the way of inventions we have begun the century with a good running start."—*Charlotte Observer*.

In the midst of the excitement caused by Mr. Tesla's announcement, another inventor, Mr. Wm. A. Eddy, of Bayonne, N. Y., bobs up serenely and informs us that these signals are neither new nor strange as he has been talking with the planets for a period of eight years. He further asserts that the signals which he received are perfectly regular but he has been unable to discover the code. He must move fast or Mr. Tesla will carry off the laurels.

Gov. Russell appointed Judge David M. Furches, of Statesville, to succeed the Hon. Wm. T. Faircloth as Chief Justice of North Carolina. To fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court caused by the elevation of Judge Furches, he appointed Charles A. Cook, of Warren county. There are now two of our Supreme Court Justices from Warren county.

The Technological Institute of Georgia is having quite a lively time. Recently one of the students was spirited away bodily and soon after the whole senior class was suspended for six months.

With the death of England's good Queen comes the close of the Victorian Era which will for all time be the synonym for an age of progress. While the sovereign of Great Britain is considered usually as not much more than a figure head for the Government, yet, it can but be true that it is necessary for the greatness of a nation that even its nominal ruler be strong. Victoria was strong in her womanly truth and purity. As wife, mother and woman she had no superior. She was wise in recognizing the truth that her strength lay in surrounding herself with great counselors. She was one of the few sovereigns who realized that she belonged to the people and not that they were the possessions of the throne. The love of her people for her proves that by this course she has forever enshrined herself in their memory. It is well for England that Victoria's life was spared till Edward has outlived the fire and snap of youth. He will be a safer sovereign now than he would have been thirty years ago.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Julia Stokes is teaching at Windsor, N. C.

Agnes Moore is teaching in Greenville this year.

Ina Hobbs is teaching at Barium Springs, N. C.

Maggie Perry is at her home in Statesville, N. C.

Bessie Sutton is teaching at her home in Kinston.

Laura Turner is at the Asheville Normal this year.

Willie Watson, '97, is teaching in Statesville, N. C.

Lois Boyd is at her home at Barium Springs, N. C.

Bessie Harding, '98, is teaching in Greenville, N. C.

Winnie W. Redferen, '98, is teaching at Hopewell, N. C.

Harriet Weir is teaching in the Public Schools of New York.

Nan Strudwick, '98, is teaching in a Raleigh Graded School.

Rosalind Sheppard, '99, teaches in a Winston Graded School.

Mamie Lasanby has a Government position in Washington, D. C.

Katie Moore is teaching in the Graded School of Statesville, N. C.

Valeria Austin is teaching at Epsom High School in Vance county.

Phoebe Sutton is spending the winter at her home in Kinston, N. C.

Annie McGhee is spending the year at her home in Franklinton, N. C.

Susie Parsley, '99, is teaching in a Graded School of Wilmington, N. C.

Bessie Stuart, one of our former students has taken a school at Antioch, N. C.

Gertude Jenkins, '00, has resigned her position in the Graded Schools of Salisbury, N. C.

Lottie Eagle, '98, has been elected teacher of the second grade in the Public Schools of Salisbury.

Bertha Donelly, '97, who has been teaching in High Point since she graduated, is spending this year at her home.

We are glad to welcome Fannie McClees, '99, back to her Alma Mater—she will take charge of the second grade in our Practice School.

Virginia Shober has a position as Stenographer in Charlotte, N. C. She received a certificate for one hundred words a minute in Short-hand from our Business Department two years ago.

Sue Nash, '00, has accepted a position as teacher in Monroe. Ethel Foust, '99, is teaching in Washington, N. C. Wilhelmina Conrad is teaching in Albemarle, N. C. Bessie Whitaker is teaching in Wilmington, N. C. All of these young women were teachers in our Practice School during the present school year, which proves that the State Superintendents think well of Prof. Claxton's methods.

Among the interesting people who come to Raleigh with the new administration is Miss Julia B. Howell, of Goldsboro, stenographer to Gov. Aycock. Miss Howell had been private secretary to Mr. Aycock for several years before the election. And now it is a fitting tribute to her ability that she should be chosen to share this higher confidential relation to the Governor. Miss Howell is a young woman of charming personality, thoroughly equipped to take care of herself, and represents North Carolina's progressive young womanhood. Mr. Aycock not only does himself honor in continuing this young woman in his service, but gives recognition to the fact that the young women of the State as well as the children, have a friend in the Governor.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

Miss Howell received in part her preparatory and the whole of her business education at the State Normal and Industrial College. She received a certificate here for a speed in Short-hand of 110 words per minute.

MARRIAGES.

BROWN-HARPER—At high noon on the 26th of December, 1900, the marriage of Miss Canary Harper to Mr. Emmett Brown took place in the Methodist Episcopal church in Wilson, N. C. Miss Harper will be remembered as one of the "charter members" of the college and later as a member of the Faculty. Mr. Brown is the Professor of Greek and Latin in the High School of Cleburne, Texas. Her many Normal friends through THE MAGAZINE follow her with best wishes as she goes to her new home in the lone star state:

MENDENHALL-THOMPSON—At her home in Lexington, November 14, 1900, Miss Jessie Leigh Thompson was married to Mr. Walter H. Mendenhall.

BOSTIC-ARLEDGE—On Christmas day at her home, Miss Mossie Arledge was married to Dr. W. C. Bostic, of Columbia, N. C.

MATTOCKS-HUNT—In St. Philip's church, Brevard, N. C., December 12, 1900, Miss M. L. Hunt was married to Mr. J. E. Mattocks.

HAMILTON-DEATON—In the Presbyterian church at Mooresville, N. C., November 22, 1900, Miss Cornelia Deaton was married to Mr. Charles Hamilton.

HARRIS-PARKER—At her home in Laurinburg, N. C., December 27, 1900, Miss Tempie R. Parker was married to Mr. Alvis Harris.

AMONG OURSELVES.

The Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College met here December 17-19, 1900, to prepare their bi-annual report to the Legislature.

The members of the Board are: Messrs. J. A. Blair, Randolph county; H. G. Chatham, Surry county, J. E. Fowler, Sampson county; S. M. Gattis, Orange county; R. D. Gilmer, Haywood county; C. H. Mebane, Catawba county, J. F. Post, New Hanover county; W. P. Shaw, Hertford county, and W. D. Turner, Iredell county.

Mr. Mebane, our retiring Superintendent of Public Instruction, and ex-officio President of our Board of Directors; staunch, true friend of education, loyal to the Normal through thick and thin, goes to his work as President of the Catawba College at Newton with the warm friendship and earnest wishes for his success from every normal student. We shall also lose from the Board Mr. R. D. Gilmer our new Attorney-General and Mr. W. D. Turner, our Lieutenant-Governor. While the Normal regrets to lose their presence, yet since they have been called by the people of North Carolina to positions of trust and of honor, we are the more reconciled to their absence. We, however, shall look to them for the substantial aid of their influence in all matters pertaining to the higher education of the women in our State.

On December 13th, President McIver lectured before "The Teacher's College," of Columbia University, New York City. He spoke by invitation upon the Educational Problem of the South. This honor, which gratifies the Normal, is a fitting one for who can better aid in solving this weighty problem?

While he was in New York he saw the foundation for a million dollar dormitory at the Teachers' College. We are glad to hear of any work of this sort and we do not covet—but—if we might secure a building approaching that in cost!

There were five representatives of our College at the Educational Association in Richmond: President McIver, Mr. Claxton, Mr. Grimsley, Miss Boddie and Miss Jones. If all enjoyed the feast of Educational discussion as much as our teachers did it was a happy crowd.

The only members of the Faculty who remained with us during Christmas were Miss Kirkland and Miss Forte. All, we hope, had a happy Christmas wherever and however they spent the time.

Just before the holidays we had the pleasure of listening to our new born orchestra. Although this was its first appearance in public those who attended the recital were delighted with the progress they had made and thoroughly enjoyed their sweet music. We are anticipating a fine rendition of "Dixie" and of "The Old North State" at our closing concert, but we hope they will not allow that accomplishment to cause their "musical education to come to an abrupt end."

On December 14th we had with us for one evening Polk Miller, our Southern humorist, in his "Darkie Quarters." The pathetic pictures he drew of the "Ole Mammy" were life-like. His songs were so characteristic, the dialect was so natural that one could see "Ole Dan Tucker when he got drunk" and the darkie as he sang the "Huckleberry Pic-nic." When Mr. Miller gave us his promise that he would come again soon he received a hearty burst of applause. We are deeply grateful to him for this treat. We are too prone to forget the life, which our fathers knew in the old days "Fo de War." We need people like Polk Miller to keep our hearts tuned to the old lays and our memories stored with the legends of the South.

I am sure that all will agree with me in saying that our last evening before the Christmas holidays was passed most pleasantly. For about two hours we were delightfully entertained by the Bostonia Sexetette Club. This club consists of three violins, a 'cello, a clarinet, and a fine soprano voice and is now making its first tour in the South. The music they gave us was of a high order and we considered the entertainment a rare treat. Notwithstanding the bad weather, a number of our Greensboro friends, whom we are always pleased to see, attended.

If the troop everywhere received as warm a welcome as it did from us, prosperity and happiness will attend them, and we of the Normal wish them these joys.

With no disparagement to the Sextette, we voted that the most enjoyable feature of the evening had not been published on the program. It was the announcement made by Prof. Joyner that the Board of Trustees, then in session, had granted a petition sent in by the students asking for an extension of two days to our holidays from January 1. It is needless to say that this announcement brought down the house as no musical overture could do.

ANNIE M. KIZER, '04.

FUN, FROLIC, AND FEATHERBRAIN PARTY,

C. HOBBS, Manager.

An imaginary trip to Europe, under the supervision of Miss Hobbs, proved a delightful occasion to those who were so fortunate as to be included in her "party." The special excursion tickets gave us a clue to our whereabouts, but not in the ordinary geographical terms, so thinking caps were donned for the voyage. Lunch was provided by the manager and the sea-breeze sharpened our appetites. The name under which we traveled was an index to the spirit which pervaded the party, and it was with regret that we so soon found ourselves again at the Normal.

OELAND BARNETT.

AN UNPLEASANT EPISODE.

When the happy day came and we bade each other at the Normal good-bye and started on our homeward journey great was the joy thereof and many and broad the smiles. But alas! the happiness of the Eastern girls was very short, for when but a few miles from Greensboro the train came to a stop at Mebane and we heard of a wreck just ahead.

We were told that we would wait there an hour or longer. We decided we could not live through it, but tried to make the best of things until one-two-three hours passed and we still remained at Mebane?

There was some small comfort in knowing that the Chapel Hill boys were at University Station patiently (?) waiting and we were not the only sufferers.

The ringing of a little bell reminded us of what might have been, for we—now hopeless school girls—had had no dinner. Donning wraps and overshoes we plodded through the red mud to a little store not far off, where the store-keeper offered sympathy by saying he was sorry we "couldn't git no farther," and hoped we "would soon get away," and looked as happy as possible over the candy and peanuts which he was selling to us.

When the fourth hour had passed slowly away, we were told that we would soon start. Great as was our happiness in leaving Greensboro, it was as nothing in comparison with the joy that filled our hearts when we left Mebane and began to draw nearer home, that dearest of all places on earth.

CHARLOTTE IRELAND, '03.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NORMAL.

About sixty of us remained at the Normal during the Christmas holidays. Our hearts grew sick on seeing the others leave for home, but we put sadness aside, and entered into the joys which were our own.

The girls in the Midway dormitory hung up their stockings in the sitting-room and Miss Snyder acted as Santa Claus, to whom we took our gifts for each other. Santa Claus slights no one.

Never did we enjoy a day more fair and beautiful than Christmas-day. 'Twas just warm enough to make one long to be in the open air. We had a "tacky party" that evening when we arrayed ourselves in ridiculous costumes and assembled in Mr. Claxton's recitation room. A prize which was awarded to the "tackiest" girl was won by Miss Fagan. Her "get up" was a work of art. Dr. McIver presented the prize, a big stick of candy, in his usual witty style.

Many "spreads" of cake, candy, chicken, ham, pickles, etc., were given, which were thoroughly enjoyed.

Miss Annie Stewart received a box of oranges from Florida, and shared them most liberally. What a lovely sight it was, that table loaded with large yellow oranges!

We had "a tree" the night after Christmas at which all were present and all were remembered. Mr. Frank Boyles, of Greensboro, who was arranged as Santa Claus, climbed in through the window, and began to unload his tree. He made many a merry jest while distributing the presents. When his work was ended, he bade us good-bye till next Christmas, climbed through the window and was gone.

The last days of the week were passed quietly but happily and the return of the absent ones was a delight.

ETHELIND PITTMAN.

On January 4th Miss Bond entertained a number of her friends in a very novel and interesting manner. Slips of paper containing questions were given each guest, and the answers were the names of our counties. After each person had tried to recognize the counties under their enigmatic names the guests were served with refreshments.

Misses Tomlinson, of Durham, Long, of Graham, and Webster, of Manchester, visited friends and relatives among our students and were extended a hearty welcome.

Miss Caroline Martin, of Winston, a graduate of last year, spent a few days just before the holidays with her many friends here.

Superintendent Dove, of the Reidsville Public Schools, accompanied by Misses Ellington and Pannill, former graduates of this college and now teachers in the Schools of Reidsville, paid us a short visit for the purpose of observing in the Practice School.

Miss Mildred Rowe, accompanied by her little niece, Miss Marion Dove, spent a few days here visiting her sister, Miss Rosalie Rowe.

During the holidays, we had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Charles Rose, also Mr. Claude McIver, a student at the University.

Miss Crow, of Raleigh, a guest of Miss Kirkland, and Miss Lizzie Mallison, of Washington, N. C., visiting her sister, Miss Ella Mallison, spent a part of the holidays with us.

Not long ago we had the pleasure of having the Rev. Mr. Turrentine, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to conduct the opening exercises and give us words of comfort and cheer.

Among our visitors we welcomed Mr. C. C. Daniels, of Wilson, one of the Normal's loyal friends.

Early in January we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Harris, returning to Reidsville after their bridal trip South. Mrs. Harris (nee Miss Tempie Parker) is a former student of our College. We are glad to welcome our new son-in-law and the Magazine extends congratulations and best wishes.

EXCHANGES.

"A High Priest of Nature," a study of Wordsworth, is the principal article in the *Peabody Record* for December. It shows much study and is written in an interesting manner. Containing long articles; fiction and some verse (which most college magazines lack), the *Record* is one of our best exchanges. The fiction for this number is good—being the spice of life. "Bobbie" is quite a sad little story and one feels relieved after reading that to turn to "That Dinner in Courses," a lively chronicle of a young man's woes during a dinner party.

In the *Emerson College Magazine* (Boston) for December are a number of very creditable articles—among them a paper on "Success" and a lecture on Daniel Webster. Why do not our college publications profit by the example of the *Emerson College Magazine* and print the lives of such men as Daniel Webster or Thomas Jefferson in a way which would prove, not only instructive, but interesting?

The *Davidson College Magazine*, as usual, comes up to the mark. The leading article in this number is "The True Conception of Education." This is strong and well written, as is the paper on "Anglo-Saxon Responsibility." A cut of Davidson's gallant "foot-ballists" adds to the value of this number. As to the fiction, "Guppy" is of a higher standard than "A Story in High Life."

"The Story of Mr. and Mrs. Browning," one of which we never tire, is well told in the *Buff and Blue*, of Gallandet College.

The best article in the *Converse Concept* is on the "Genius of Southern Literature." This article is interesting, but I think it a fault of the Southern people to call attention to Southern literature. There should be no sectionalism in literature. Our aim should be to so educate our people that they would demand good literature, and when the demand appears, not to care whether it was produced in the North or the South. The demand will produce writers who will do us credit. Do we have our attention called, by people of the North, to Northern literature? No. Why not? The literature is there and the Northern people have educated themselves above caring on which side of the Mason and Dixon Line it was written.

The *Trinity Archive* for this month has just arrived. "The Passing of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy" is the first and best article in this number. A slight (?) estimate of Trinity's joy over her victory against Wake Forest may be gotten by reading "The Acts of the Trinitites in the Days of Kilgothegreat."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

TO A NORMAL COLLEGE GIRL.

I do not wish to seem severe,
Nor would I be at all informal,
But I would like to say right here
Of college maids I hold most dear
The one that's always normal.

So many of them are extreme,
The wide-awake as well as dormal,
They make me feel that life's a dream
Of Greek and Latin, which I deem
So very far from normal.

But you, despite the things you know
Of Horace, Euclid, and Plato,
Of Adam Smith and Homer, and
The balance of that awful band
That used to give me trouble when
I mixed in with those college men—
You still have kept that guileless way
That went with them of other day,
When women who would keep in touch
With life did not learn quite so much,
And so were not too full of fads
To share the fortunes of our dads.
Wherefore, I say, I judge that you
Are of the old kind, tried and true.

We've never met,
But yet, but yet
My beating heart is all awhirl
To think life holds
Within its folds
A truly Normal College girl—
E'en though alas! she's not for me
At twenty when I'm ninety-three.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, in Harper's Bazar.

Western Editor (putting on his coat).—Well, this is hard luck! Obituary column short half an inch, and I've got to go out in the rain and kill a man to fill it up.

Mrs. Newrich.—I never can remember how many cards to leave when calling!

Old Gentleman.—The rules are very simple, madam. You hand one to the servant, and then on departing, leave as many on the plate as there are adult members of the family adding two of your husband's cards and occasionally dumping in a few more for good measure. Do not be niggardly in dealing out cards as that suggests vulgar poverty."

"I am very much obliged. Are you a professor of etiquette?"

"No, madam, I am Mr. Bristol, the card manufacturer."

"Our last month's gas bill was just frightful,"

Said Mary to her beau.

The young man rose with smile delightful

And turned the gas down low.

"Tommy, how did you get all the back of your neck sun-burnt?

"Pullin' weeds in the garden."

"But your hair is all wet, my son."

"That's perspiration."

"Your vest is wrong-side out, too."

"Put it on that way a-purpose."

"And how does it happen, Tommy dear, that you have got Jacky Howard's trousers on?"

Tommy (after long pause).—"Mother, I cannot tell a lie! I've been a swimming!"

There are some disadvantages which attach themselves to persons who have become famous. These, however, often have their ludicrous side. It is said that at one time Henry Clay, the American statesman, was travelling in the West, and stopped over-night in a little log cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning, his old host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he had learned who his distinguished guest was, said he would like to make a slight request before the visitor departed. "Couldn't ye," he said, with

evident anxiety, "couldn't ye jest make my wife and me a little speech before leavin' us?"

A story is told of a British soldier in South Africa. His colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine African rooster in his arms halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens.

"No, Colonel," was the reply. "I just saw the old fellow sitting on the wall, and I ordered him to crow for old England, and he wouldn't, so I confiscated him for a rebel."

"SONG OF THE SKIRT."

With fingers weary and cramped,
And a wrist that was stiff with pain,
A lady walked, in a Paris gown,
Down Bond Street in the rain.
Splash—splash—splash—
Through puddle and slush and dirt,
And half to herself, in a sobbing tone,
She sang this "Song of the Skirt."

"For fashion's sake," she moaned,
"Full many a cross bear we,
Like abject slaves we bow
To her every new decree.
But of all the cruel modes
With which we women are cursed,
Our walking gown, with its trailing train,
Methinks is by far the worst!"

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Where the waste of the street lies thick;
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
However our path we pick;
Dust, bacillus and germ,
Germ, bacillus and dust,
Till we shudder and turn from the sorry sight,
With a gesture of disgust.

"O men with sisters dear!
O men who have well-dressed wives!
It is not alone an expensive mode,
It is one that hazards lives!
For malignant microbe swarm
In the triturated dirt,
And the dress that sweeps it up may prove
A shroud as well as a skirt!"

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
 As we walk o'er the West End flags,
 For, however we try to carry that tail,
 A part of it always sags—
 The hem of it always drops
 In the winter's greasy slush;
 The hem of it sweeps the summer's dust
 More clean than the dustman's brush.

"Drag—drag—drag—
 Whatever our strength or health;
 We have to draw that heavy train,
 Whatever our rank or wealth.
 Whatever the dress has cost,
 Fashion's laws we dare not shirk;
 Old and young we alike must daily do
 The scavenger's dirty work.

"Oh, for one hour of ease
 As I shop in the crowded street—
 With no drag upon my knees,
 And no pull about my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To be as I used to be,
 When I wore a skirt of sensible length,
 Which my ankles left quite free!

"Oh, but for one short hour,
 A respite however brief,
 Till my Christmas shopping at least is done,
 And from rain we've some relief!
 The so-called 'Rational Dress'
 Possesses for me no charms,
 Yet on such days like this I could willingly rush
 Into Lady Harberton's arms.

"As I feel the distressing strain
 Of my train on my aching wrist,
 I could well-nigh vow henceforth
 Fashion's edicts to resist.
 When I see what my hem's swept up,
 Though in walking I'm so expert,
 I am very much more than half inclined
 To drive home and burn my skirt!"

* * * * *

With fingers weary and cramped,
 With a wrist that was stiff with pain,
 A lady shopped in a Paris gown,
 In Bond Street in the rain.
 Splash—splash—splash—
 On she swept through the slush and the dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tones could reach the rich—
 She sang this "Song of the Skirt!"

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In clubs of 20, a dozen each, \$2.75 per dozen;

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The person who secures the club and collects the money will be entitled to one dozen Cabinets without charge.

Views of the Normal and Industrial College.

S. L. ALDERMAN, Photographer,
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